Pavlovian Response

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by harleygirl2648

Summary

Follow up to Say That We're Sweethearts Again. Will is the jealous one this time, and Hannibal thinks that he can just get away with having irritating people over.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Good luck touching me at *all* tonight,” Will hissed as he cracked open a bottle of wine with some stupidly pretentious name he couldn't pronounce. Hannibal only smiled at him from where he was drizzling lemon juice over the fillet beautifully arranged on the tray.

“And why is that, Will?” God, Will could smack that smile right off of his husband’s face, but then, he had promised to behave tonight. They had company, some art collector couple, nobody that important. But Will knew Hannibal had invited them over for the sole purpose of pissing him off.

This couple, Richard and Anita Faultbrook, were snobs, even in comparison to years-of-living-with-Hannibal-Lecter standards. At least Hannibal could bite his own tongue and wait until they were in the car before he started to complain. These people lived for complaints, they had hated the party they had all met at, they hated the drinks, the food the music, the art, and each other. It was the reason Will was wasting this bottle of perfectly good vintage on them.

“They are the type who believe that cost is indicative of quality,” Hannibal said as he pulled out the good forks. Will rolled his eyes.

“Would you at least admit the reason you brought them here was because you overheard them disagreeing with our relationship?” That was true, the remark hadn't been to their faces, but they had definitely overheard remark of them having "bad taste" in art.

“I suppose I can admit that,” Hannibal smiled, taking up plates in his hands as Will leaned against the door frame. He passed by his husband to set out the plates on the table.

“Fillet of tongue, in a lemon butter sauce and a touch of mint,” he said smoothly, enjoying the pleased smiles from the couple. Will took all of his self-control and did *not* dump the bottle of wine on Richard’s combover, instead setting it down on the table. He then realized he’d forgotten the two extra wine glasses and made his way back to the kitchen. He had grabbed two glasses when he heard the irritating laughter of Anita tittering from the dining room.

“Got him well trained, there, Professor Kore.”

Fucking *professor,* of *course* that was what Hannibal would-

Well-trained?

He was well-trained?

Fuck Anita and her stupid fucking bangs, bad taste in art, and her *online psychiatry degree.* Oh, he was going to kill her, he had already decided when Hannibal Lecter opened his goddamn mouth again.

“Thank you,” Hannibal practically preened, “Getting him there was quite a journey.”

What a shame to be a widower, Dr. Kore, for your husband to be brutally strangled in that manner.

**sniff, sniff, fake tears, fake tears* thank you. It was - it was so sudden, I never expected anything like this to happen to him. If only he hadn't been such a bastard…*

Will resist snapping the necks of the wineglass set and the guests and instead chose to smile as he entered the dining room. "Here we are," he said sweetly as he poured the wine, letting a bit of his old Louisiana drawl slip into his voice. He held back a pleased smirk as Hannibal visibly held the carving knife a little tighter, knowing that Hannibal had a weakness for it. An involuntary response at this point.

Now who's the well-trained one?

Will took his seat beside Hannibal, who gave him a look reminiscent of one you would give to a dog deserving of a treat. "Shall I carve?" he asked.

"I wish you would," Will said dryly, the hidden meaning of the phrase passing over the oblivious guests. Will chose to take a long sip of wine as Hannibal passed him a plate.

Dinner started out well enough, as Richard and Anita were content to eat in silence for a while. But then Hannibal brought up the topic of art, and that sent them off again. Will honestly thought that he might kill them on the spot when Richard claimed that Botticelli was an overrated Renaissance artist, and the copy of *Primavera* in their living room was nice and all, but he preferred Donatello, himself. Whatever, Will was content to continue eating when the woman's shrill voice sounded again.

"It's absolutely delicious," she purred, well, Will supposed it sounded like a purr to *her.* It sounded more like she had a hairball in her throat. She chose to throw her comment in Will's direction, giving him a smile that made him want to lose his appetite. "What do you think, Dr. Kore?"

Fuck Hannibal Lecter for making his fake ID and telling him he was a psychiatrist now. He even made up a fake diploma for it to match, and Will hated it. But he plastered on a smile and avoided the question by having a forkful of fillet. Then he cleared his throat. "My husband always puts everything he has into his work. He's very particular with what he puts in his mouth."

Anita seemed to accept this, winking in a not-subtle way, and pouring herself another glass of wine. Richard, however, pressed further, the pun going over his head, even if Hannibal raised an eyebrow in Will's direction.

"Where did you graduate, doctor?"

"Lousiana State," Will drawled, letting his accent get a little thick and watching Hannibal's pupils dilate. "I've always been… *in tune* with the minds of others."

"And you're shacking up with a professor, how'd that come about?" Hannibal clearly looked miffed at the term *shacking up,* and Will had to hold back a laugh.

Will decided that he deserved all of this, inhaling the aroma of the wine and just before he took a sip, added, "I *also* like to get *deeply* involved with my work."

Hannibal's not the *only* one with the thinly veiled puns, he thought with satisfaction as Richard looked uncomfortable all of a sudden. The wine tasted that much sweeter. Hannibal changed the topic back to art, any excuse for them to become distracted. Will noted Anita deliberately touching his husband's hand multiple times while he passed her items from the table. She'd take her time to brush her fingers over his and Will saw red, he was seething. That was it, both of them had to go. *Tonight*.

Anita tittered again as she stood up, explaining that she needed to powder her nose.

“Allow me to show you the guest bathroom,” Will offered politely, getting up and even helping her out of her chair. She tried to analyze him as he lead her up the stairs to the guest room, telling him that there were problems in his marriage that could always be solved through blatant...*ignoring*.

"Just ignore the worst in each other order to keep enjoying the best?" Will inquired, and she only giggled and nodded. “Wouldn’t you know, I love him because he *is* the absolute worst,” he said out loud, letting himself smile. She laughed a little too hard, leaning against the bathroom door.

“Awww, how adorable. You must have a lot in common, if only Rich and I did.”

Will’s smile grew a little bit more menacing, his eyes shifting to something sinister, like a cat’s while it stalks a mouse, and he stepped closer to her, causing her to step back, all signs of mirth fading from her face.

“Oh, we share a very *special* hobby together," he purred, watching fear cloud over her now *very* sober eyes.

And then he pounced.

Hannibal knew the second Will came back downstairs that something wrong had happened. He had taken the time to brush his hair back and straighten his suit, and was practically beaming. So either Will had done something wrong or he wanted something. Both options seemed suspicious.

“Anita’s taking a while,” Richard remarked as Will poured another glass of vintage for himself. Will looked the part of complete innocence, only shrugging and smiling into the glass.

“I’m *sure* you’ll see her soon, Richard.”

Damn it, Will, Hannibal thought, keeping his mask in place and mentally scolding him. Will took another sip of wine in the meantime, looking at Richard’s empty plate. The man himself reached for the fillet when Will stopped him, picking up the carving knife.

“I think *I’ll* carve this time,” he said lowly, lifting the knife and looking into Hannibal’s eyes. Richard kept talking, but it was to himself now as neither Will nor Hannibal were listening to

him. Will then roughly grabbed the back of the man's hair and yanked hard, exposing his neck for Will to drag the knife *oh so slowly* across his jugular vein. He gasped and sputtered, and tried to dig his nails into the table, the starched white linen of the tablecloth growing rapidly stained with his blood by the second. Finally, his heart gave out and Will dropped him then, letting his head fall onto his plate. He then untucked his shirt and started to clean the knife with it.

"I spent *hours* getting the last bloodstain out of that shirt," Hannibal noted, choosing to have another sip of wine. "Now it is *your* turn to do the laundry, I think."

"I never do it right, according to you," Will fired back, "And I left Anita up in the guest bathtub."

"Did you stain *my* perfectly clean guest bathtub?"

"Perish the thought, professor. *Professor,* you've got to be fucking kidding me."

"A reversal of our roles was an intriguing concept for me."

"I'm not calling you professor in bed, it clashes with 'doctor', and you tend to prefer that," Will rolled his eyes, setting down the glass beside the dead man in the table. "Why did you make *me* a psychiatrist, I have absolutely no training whatsoever."

"But you are able to get inside the mind of anyone you choose, that isn't something that can be taught," Hannibal said, getting up from his chair and walking over to Will, rubbing his shoulder. Will leaned into it, just enough for Hannibal to lean down and kiss him when he pulled away after only a few seconds.

"Not so *well-trained* now, am I?" he smirked. Hannibal's shoulders visibly slumped. So this was what Will was getting at. He sighed outright.

"Will-"

"Oh please, keep digging that grave even deeper," Will said with a wave of his hand, *"Well trained,* I cannot *believe* you sometimes."

Hannibal simply took out his handkerchief and wiped the blood spatters off of Will's face. He was grateful Will let him. "I'm sorry, dear."

"I know this is payback for- oh, what *was* his na-"

"Dominic."

Will laughed out loud at that, shaking his head. "Oh yes, that *was* his name, wasn't it? I'd forgotten."

"I have not."

"Were you really *that* jealous of a guy I brought back to kill?"

“Yes," Hannibal answered shortly.

Will only laughed again, before reaching up suddenly and curling his fingers under Hannibal's collar, yanking him closer. He then said in a very low voice, “You’re not the *only* one who gets jealous, *darling.* I could slit your throat while you sleep.”

“Do it while I’m awake, I’d like to watch you do it,” Hannibal murmured, trying to lean in for a kiss, only for Will to push him away again, walking around to the other side of the table with the bottle. He poured another glass and waited for Hannibal to make his way to his side.

“You made me a doctor, right?” Will asked, taking a slow drink. Hannibal nodded, waiting to see where Will was going with this. Will adjusted his position, sitting back on the stained table, mischief twinkling in his eyes. He stared at Hannibal and smiled before defiantly popping the top button on his ruined shirt. He smirked. “Well, *that* certainly evokes a Pavlovian response, doesn't it?”

Hannibal was suddenly aware of his mouth beginning to water. Will undid another button, still smirking, and Hannibal took a step forward. “Don’t test me, Will.”

“You’ve been trying me all night, it’s only fair, darling. Didn’t Pavlov’s dog start drooling in anticipation of a treat? What makes you think you’re *getting* one?”

“I want one.”

“Not a good enough answer tonight,” Will sighed. “Make me *want* to give you one.”

Hannibal thought over what Will might want, the spoiled thing. He adored him. “I’ll make eggs benedict in the morning with your favorite blueberry pastries for breakfast.”

“Sounds lovely. Not good enough.” Another button came off.

“I’ll - I’ll allow you to choose the next one.”

“That’s fair. Keep going.”

Damn this perfectly infuriating man before him, absolutely divine in every conceivable way. He knew *exactly* what he wanted, and sighed.

“Alright, you may get a dog. But *you* are in charge of training and moving it to the new house.”

Will smiled then, clearly pleased with himself. “Excellent, it’s almost as though you came up with that idea on your own. There might be something to this psychic driving thing. I’ve had to train *you* in my spare time with no dog around.”

That took Hannibal aback for a moment. “I am not *trained,* Will.”

Will just shrugged. “You can keep thinking that. But you’ve earned your treat now, so we can go upst-”

He was cut off by a hard kiss on the lips and being shoved back onto the table, effectively crushing the flower arrangement Hannibal had taken an hour to create a. Obviously the man in question didn't care as he kept kissing him, sliding his hand very slowly down the undone buttons on his shirt. Will was about to pull away for air and a snarky remark, when he heard and *felt* his trousers being unzipped and Hannibal smirking against his lips before pulling away, looking far too pleased.

"I had *intended* for us to go upstairs," Will remarked as Hannibal slid to his knees before him. "Kind of fucked up to do this with a dead body literally four feet away."

"As you said, Will," Hannibal replied, loosening his tie and throwing it over his shoulder to keep it out of the way, then looking up with a hungry expression, "I have a Pavlovian response to you."

Will honestly would have kept laughing if Hannibal didn't do that *fucking* thing with his tongue that turned any laugh into a slurred moan.

End Notes

(Fun fact, 'Kore' is another name for Persephone. I thought it was fitting for our lovely murder husbands)

Please leave comments and kudos galore! I love responding to them! Oh, and if you have any fluffy murder husband ideas, please leave them in your comments or tell me at my tumblr: somebodyhelpthenotdeadfreds

Love you all!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!